
Title: Revivial, Pt. 2.

Author: Treadeau Du'rome

The spell took him to a
small non-descript house
on the most Northern
Isle of Jhelom. Quaint
by most standards but by
his own it was totally
unfitting for his
occupancy.
“Perfect for my little
humming bird” he mumbled
attempting to make
straight his torn rags of
clothing. He must appear
somewhat proper.
He walked up to the
stairs and rapped with
his threadbare gloves
loudly and superciliously
upon the imported oaken
door. Sounds of a dinner
in progress were heard
inside; the idle chatter of
children and their doting
mother.

That world came to a
stop with the haughty
knock. The world, the
chatter of voices, and
utensils all stopped,
nothing would be the
same. Sheryl Soldas,
once maligned tailor to
Treadeau Du'rome got up
from the table to answer
her door.

Opening the door, he
barged right in placing his
paint set on an empty
reading table and throwing
the frayed cloak and hat
towards the fireplace.
She let out a panicked
scream yet the three
small children all seemed
unaffected by their
hysterical mother. He

was beaming his
captivating smiling and his
eyes soften looking upon
the small children.

They soon fell under his
spell as he took the
chair near the reading
table. The oldest boy
climbed into his lap as
his brother and sister
took an animal like placing
at his feet.

Sheryl stood in horror.
The boy started tugging
on his long beard in a
way that only a
grandchild would do to
their grandfather.

Treadeau spoke, “My
dear little hummingbird.
My Sheryl. You leave
Caina taking your
beautiful little hands to
ply your trade elsewhere.
Not only this you are
married in my absence
having these wonderful
little children.”

He rubbed the young girl
on the head as kitten
and she purred with a
slight giggle. He stared
Sheryl directly in her
eyes smiling; her scared
demeanor was soon
twisted into one of
compliance.

“This is what is going
to happen my beautiful
and unique butterfly. I
will assume you still have
your loom and tools in
the back.”

She nodded her head
dreamily.

“Good. Very good.
Now, you will take
yourself back there to
create for me as you did
in the old days. A cloak
of Nujel’m silk, a doublet
of Cainan velvet, and a

shirt of Britain wool.
Please do not forget the
hat, gloves, or riding
boots.”

He shook his finger as if
he were warning a child.

“Only the highest quality
material. If I don’t
approve of the work the
rewards will be the same
as in the old days.”

“Lashings.” He
punctuated the threat
with a kiss to the oldest
boy’s forehead and a
maniacal chuckle.
Several hours later,
Treadeau Du’rome was
bathed and trimmed- most
importantly he was
dressed in the newest
finery. Clothes that
were resplendent enough
for a King. He was
impressed with himself, as
his latest bout of
despondency had
lengthened his hair and
grew his once trimmed
beard to epic proportions.
If only he had a robe,
he could appear as a
courtly wizard he mused
to himself.

The youngest children
were safe in bed it was
the mother’s only
protests despite the spell.

Treadeau sit the oldest
child in the chair with
which he once resided
during the arduous
tailoring work of his
mother. Treadeau’s
pigments and paints were
strewn all about the
living area; he was
prepared to make art.

Sheryl stood languorously
at the front door staring
into Oblivion. Treadeau
walked over to her and
placing his mouth to her

ear whispering, “La
gholad dakta diktox
darhad. La dahalad dakt
denka'anka qur
mourn'raletin.”

‘In death we find
release. In life I love
you forever.’- He
wondered where the
strange words resonated
from.

He placed his lips to her
mouth tenderly as took
his gloved right hand and
ran it through her long
auburn locks. She was
still as beautiful as he
remembered.

“Mourn’raletin ikyulak.”

Forever frozen.

He took his dagger from
among his painting
provisions and patted the
bewitched boy on the
head.

“Tonight I shall teach
you how to make art
unlike anything the world
has ever seen.”

He drew the dagger along
Sheryl’s neck opening it
up the veins. With each
pump of her heart, her
death drew closer. Her
breathing soon turned into
gurgles as the last of
her humanity poured forth
onto the wooden floor.

Treadeau watched with
melancholy enjoyment
moving the child out of
the chair and taking his
place, “Now my little
one we must render her
flesh for canvas and her
bones for support. Then
her blood and eyes for
pigment. Afterwards
clipping her luscious hair
for the bristles. Tonight

we begin my masterpiece
a testament to my love
for her..."

He trailed off relating
explicit instructions,
"Now wake your siblings
it will go much quicker
with the help of more
little hands."

The three children began
their ghastly work as
Treadeau sit in the chair
oblivious. He occasionally
provided helpful reminders
and gentle proddings but
the spell worked well
enough. They were apart
of his consciousness.

He sighed heavily, loosing
all his previous élan now
looking at the serene
face of what was once
Sheryl, "Why do they
insist on calling me a
philosopher? Can they
not see that I am merely
a tortured artist? The
entire world is my canvas
and pain is my medium."

Perhaps tears formed
underneath his eyes as he
continued, "Tonight
Sheryl is my medium and
I will do her spirit
justice for her betrayal.
I will preserve her
forever as she should be,
loyal to me and my
servant with her essence
forever trapped within my
paint."

He leaped from the chair
regaining the manic
energy, "Then onto my
beautiful, frozen and
corrupted Caina" he
began dancing about the
exerting children and
humming joyously.

He began to laugh and
the little ones joined the
cacophony as they peeled

the last of their
mother's flesh from her
body.